HYMNES OF ASTRÆA, IN ACROSTICKE VERSE.

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HYMNE I.

Of Astræa.

Early before the day doth ſpring,
Let vs awake my Muſe, and ſing;
It is no time to ſlumber,
So many Ioyes this time doth bring,
As time will faile to number.

But whereto ſhall we bend our Layes?
Euen vp to Heauen, againe to raiſe
The Mayde, which thence deſcended
Hath brought againe the golden dayes,
And all the world amended.

Rudeneſſe it ſelfe ſhe doth refine,
Euenlike an Alchymiſt diuine,
Groſſe times of Iron turning
Into the pureſt forme of gold:
Not to corrupt, till heauen waxe old,
And be refin'd with burning.

HYMNE II.

To Astræa.

Eternall Virgin, *Goddesse* true,
Let me presume to sing to you.
If *Ioue*, euen great *Ioue* hath leisure
Sometimes to heare the vulgar crew,
And heares them oft with pleasure.

Blessed *Astræa*, I in part
Enioy the blessings you impart,
The *Peace*, the milke and hony,
Humanity, and ciuill *Art*,
A richer *Dower* then money.

Right glad am I that now I liue,
Euen in these daies whereto you giue
Great happinesse and glorie;
If after you I should be borne,
No doubt I should my birth day scorne,
Admiring your sweete storie.

Earth

HYMNE III.

To the Spring.

E arth now is greene, and heauen is blew,
L iuely Spring which makes all new
I olly Spring doth enter,
S weete young Sun-beames do ſubdue
A ngry, aged winter.

B laſts are mild, and Seas are calme,
E uery medow flowes with Balme,
T he earth weares all her riches,
H armonious birdes ſing ſuch a Pſalme
A s eare and hart bewitches.

R eſerue (ſweete Spring) this Nymph of ours
E ternall garlands of thy flowers,
G reene garlands neuer waſting;
I n her ſhall laſt our *ſtates* faire ſpring,
N ow and for euer flouriſhing,
A s long as heauen is laſting.

HYMNE IIII.

To the moneth of May.

E ach day of thine, ſweete moneth of May,
L oue makes a ſolemne holy-day:
I will performe like dutie,
S ince thou reſembleſt euery way
A *Stræa* Queene of beautie.

B oth you freſh beauties do partake,
E ithers aſpect doth Sommer make:
T houghts of young Loue awaking
H earts you both do cauſe to ake,
A nd yet be pleaſd with *aking*.

R ight deare art thou, and ſo is ſhee,
E uen like attractiue Sympathie,
G aines vnto both like dearenesſe;
I weene this made Antiquitie
N ame thee, Sweete *May* of *Maieſtie*,
A s being both like in *clearenesſe*.

Early,

HYMNE V.

To the Larke.

E arly chearfull, mounting Larke,
L ights gentle Vsher, mornings clarke,
I n merrie Notes delighting:
S tint awhile thy Song, and harke,
A nd learne my new Inditing.

B eare vp this Hymne, to heau'n it beare,
E uen vp to heau'n, and ſing it there,
T o heau'n each morning beare it;
H aue it ſet to ſome ſweete Sphere,
A nd let the Angels heare it.

R enownd *Aſtræa*, that great name,
E xceeding great in worth and fame,
G reat worth hath ſo renownd it,
I t is *Aſtræas* name I praiſe,
N ow then, ſweete Larke, do thou it raiſe,
A nd in high Heauen reſound it.

HYMNE VI.

To the Nightingale.

E uery night from Euen till Morne
L oues Quiriſter amidde the thorne
I s now ſo ſweet a Singer,
S o ſweete, as for her Song I ſcorne
A pollos voice, and finger.

B ut Nightingale ſince you delight
E uer to watch the Starrie night,
T o all the Starres of heauen,
H eauen neuer had a Starre ſo bright,
A s now to earth is giuen.

R oyall *Aſtræa* makes our Day
E ternall with her beames, nor may
G roſſe darkeneſſe ouercome her;
I now perceiue why ſome do write,
N o countrie hath ſo ſhort a night,
A s England hath in ſommer.

HYMNE VII.

To the Roſe.

E ye of the garden, Queene of flowers,
L oues Cuppe wherein he Nectar poures,
I ngendred firſt of Nectar: (howres,
S weete nurſe-child of the Springs young
A nd Beauties faire Character.

B eſt Iewell that the earth doth weare,
E uen whē the braue yong Sun drawes
T o her hoate Loue pretending; (neare,
H imſelfe likewiſe like forme doth beare,
A t riſing and deſcending.

R oſe of the Queene of loue belou'd;
E nglands great Kings diuinely mou'd,
G aue Roſes in their Banner;
I t ſhewed that Bewties Roſe indeede,
N ow in this age ſhould them ſucceede,
A nd raigne in more ſweet manner.

HYMNE VIII.

To all the Princes of Europe.

E *urope*, the Earthes ſweete Paradiſe:
L et all thy Kings that would be wiſe,
I n *Politique Deuotion*:
S aile hither to obſerue her eyes,
A nd marke her heauenly motion.

B raue Princes of this ciuill age,
E nter into this pilgrimage:
T his Saints tongue is an oracle,
H er eye hath made a Prince a Page,
A nd workes each day a Miracle.

R aiſe but your lookes to her, and ſee
E uen the true beames of Maieſtie,
G reat Princes, marke her duly;
I f all the world you do ſuruey,
N o forehead ſpreades ſo bright a Ray,
A nd notes a Prince ſo truly.

Em-

HYMNE IX.

To Flora.

E mpreſſe of flowers, tell where a way
L ies your ſweet Court this merry *May*,
I n *Greenewich* garden Allies:
S ince there the heauenly powers do play,
A nd haunt no other Vallies.

B *ewty*, *vertue*, *Maieſtie*,
E loquent Muſes, three times three,
T he new freſh houres and Graces,
H aue pleaſure in this place to be,
A boue all other Places.

R oſes and Lillies did them draw,
E r they diuine *Aſtræa* ſaw;
G ay flowers they ſought for pleaſure:
I n ſteede of gathering crownes of flowers,
N ow gather they *Aſtræas* Dowers,
A nd beare to heauen that treaſure.

HYMNE X.

To the moneth of September.

E ach Moneth hath praiſe in ſome degree;
L et May to others ſeeme to be
I n Senſe the ſweeteſt Seaſon;
S eptember thou art beſt to me,
A nd beſt doſt pleaſe my reaſon.

B ut neither for thy Corne nor Wine
E xtoll I thoſe mild dayes of thine,
T hough corne and wine might praiſe thee;
H eauen giues thee honor more diuine,
A nd higher fortunes raiſe thee.

R enownd art thou (ſweet moneth) for this,
E mong thy dayes her birth day is,
G *race*, *plentie*, *peace* and *honor*
I n one faire houre with her were borne,
N ow ſince they ſtill her Crowne adorne,
A nd ſtill attend vpon her.

Eye

HYMNE XI.

To the Sunne.

E ye of the world, fountaine of light,
L ife of day, and death of night,
I humbly ſeeke thy kindneſſe:
S weet, dazle not my feeble ſight,
A nd ſtrike me not with blindneſſe.

B ehold me mildly from that face,
E uen where thou now doſt runne thy race,
T he Spheare where now thou turneſt;
H auing like Phaeton chang'd thy place,
A nd yet hearts onely burneſt.

R ed in her right cheeke thou doſt riſe;
E xalted after in her eyes,
G reat glorie there thou ſheweſt:
I n thother cheeke when thou deſcendeſt,
N ew redneſſe vnto it thou lendeſt,
A nd ſo thy Round thou goeſt.

HYMNE XII.

To her Picture.

Extreame was his Audacitie;
Little his Skill that finiſht thee,
I am aſham'd and Sorry,
So dull her counterfait ſhould be,
And ſhe ſo full of glory.

But here are colours red and white,
Each lyne, and each proportion right;
Theſe Lynes, this red, and whiteneſſe,
Haue wanting yet a life and light,
A Maieſtie, and brightneſſe.

Rude counterfait, I then did erre,
Euen now, when I would needes inferre,
Great boldneſſe in thy maker:
I did miſtake, he was not bold;
Nor durſt his eyes her eyes behold;
And this made him miſtake her.

HYMNE XIII.

Of her Mind.

E arth now adiew, my rauiſht thought
L ifted to heau'n, ſets thee at nought;
I nfinit is my longing,
S ecrets of Angels to be taught,
A nd things to heau'n belonging.

B rought downe frõ heau'n of Angels kind,
E uen now do I admire her mind:
T his is my contemplation,
H er cleare ſweet *Spirit* which is refind,
A boue Humane *Creation*.

R ich Sun-beame of th'æternall light,
E xcellent *Soule*, how ſhall I wright;
G ood Angels make me able;
I cannot ſee but by your eye,
N or, but by your tongue, Signifie,
A thing ſo Admirable.

HYMNE XIIII.

Of the Sun-beames of her Mind.

E xceeding glorious is this ſtarre;
L et vs behold her Beames a farre
I n a ſide lyne reflected;
S ight beares them not when neare they are
A nd in right lines directed.

B ehold her in her vertues beames,
E xtending Sun-like to all Realmes;
T he Sunne none viewes too nearely;
H er well of goodneſſe in theſe ſtreames,
A ppeares right well and clearely.

R adiant vertues, if your light
E nfeeble the beſt Iudgements ſight,
G reat ſplendor aboue meaſure
I s in the minde, from whence you flow:
N o wit may haue acceſſe to know,
A nd view ſo bright a treaſure.

HYMNE XV.

Of her VVit.

E ye of that mind moſt quicke and cleare,
L ike Heau'ns eye, which from his ſpheare,
I nto all things pryeth,
S ees through all things euery where,
A nd all their natures tryeth.

B right Image of an Angels wit,
E xceeding ſharpe, and ſwift like it,
T hings inſtantly diſcerning:
H auing a Nature infinit,
A nd yet increaſd by learning.

R ebound vpon thy ſelfe thy light,
E nioy thine owne ſweete precious ſight:
G iue vs but ſome reflection;
I t is enough for vs, if wee
N ow in her ſpeech, now pollicie,
A dmire thine high perfection.

HYMNE XVI.

Of her will.

E uer well affected *will*,
L ouing *goodneſſe*, Loathing *ill*,
I neſtimable Treaſure:
S ince ſuch a power hath power to ſpill,
A nd ſaue vs at her pleaſure.

B e thou our Law, ſweet *will*, and ſay
E uen what thou wilt, we will obay
T his Law, if I could reade it:
H erein would I ſpend night and day,
A nd ſtudy ſtill to plead it.

R oyall *free will*, and onely *free*;
E ach other *will* is Slaue to thee:
G lad is each *will* to ſerue thee:
I n thee ſuch Princely power is ſeene,
N o Spirit but takes thee for her Queene,
A nd thinkes ſhe muſt obſerue thee.

Excel-

HYMNE XVII.

Of her Memorie.

E xcellent Iewels would you ſee,
L ouely Ladies? come with me,
I will (for loue I owe you)
S hew you as rich a Treaſure,
As Eaſt or Weſt can ſhew you.

B ehold, if you can iudge of it,
E uen that great Store-houſe of her wit;
T hat bewtifull large Table:
H er *memorie* wherein is writ
A ll Knowledge admirable.

R eade this faire booke, & you ſhall learne
E xquiſite Skill if you diſcerne,
G aine heau'n by this diſcerning;
I n ſuch a memorie diuine,
N ature did forme the *Muſes* nine,
A nd *Pallas* Queene of Learning.

HYMNE XVIII.

Of her Phantaſie.

E xquiſite curioſitie,
L ooke on thy ſelfe with iudging eye,
I f ought be faultie leaue it,
S o delicate a phantaſie
A s this, will ſtraight perceiue it.

B ecauſe her temper is ſo fine,
E ndewed with harmonies diuine:
T herefore if diſcord ſtrike it,
H er true proportions do re pine,
A nd ſadly do miſlike it.

R ight otherwiſe a pleaſure ſweete,
E uer ſhe takes in actions meete;
G racing with ſmiles ſuch meetneſſe;
I n her faire forehead beames appeare:
N o Sommers day is halfe ſo cleare,
A dornd with halfe that ſweetneſſe.

Eclipſed

HYMNE XIX.

Of the Organs of her Minde.

E clipſed ſhe is, and her bright rayes
L ie vnder vailes, yet many wayes
I s her faire forme reuealed;
S he diuerſly her ſelfe conueyes,
A nd cannot be concealed.

B y Inſtruments her powers appeare
E xceedingly well tun'd and cleare:
T his Lute is ſtill in meaſure,
H olds ſtill in tune, euen like a ſpheare,
A nd yeelds the world ſweet pleaſure.

R eſolue me, Muſe, how this thing is,
E uer a bodie like to this
G aue heau'n to earthly creature?
I am but fond this doubt to make,
N o doubt the Angels bodies take,
A boue our common nature.

HYMNE XX.

Of the Paſſions of her Heart.

E xamine not *th'inſcrutable Hart*,
L ight *Muſe* of her, though ſhe in part
I mpart it to the Subiect;
S earch not, although from heau'n thou art,
A nd this an Heauenly obiect.

B ut ſince ſhe hath a hart, we know
E uer ſome paſſions thence do flow,
T hough euer rul'd with Honor;
H er Iudgement raignes, they waite below,
A nd fixe their eyes vpon her.

R ectified ſo, they in their kind
E ncreaſe each Vertue of her mind,
G ouern'd with mild tranquillitie;
I n all the Regions vnder Heau'n,
N o State doth beare it ſelfe ſo euen,
A nd with ſo ſweet facilitie.

Ere

HYMNE XXI.

Of th'innumerable Vertues of her Mind.

E re thou proceede in this ſweet paines,
L earne *Muſe* how many drops it raynes
I n cold and moiſt *December*;
S umme vp *May* flowers & *Auguſts* graines,
A nd grapes of mild *September*.

B eare the Seas ſands in memorie,
E arth's graſſes, and the ſtarres in Skie,
T he litle moates which mounted
H ang, in the beames of P*hœbus* eye,
A nd neuer can be counted.

R ecount theſe numbers numberleſſe,
E re thou her vertue canſt expreſſe,
G reat wits this count will cumber,
I nſtruct thy ſelfe in numbring Schooles;
N ow Courtiers vſe to begge for fooles,
A ll ſuch as cannot number.

HYMNE XXII.

Of her Wiſedome.

E gle-eyed Wiſedome, lifes Loadſtarre,
L ooking neareon things a farre;
I *oues* beſt beloued daughter,
S howes to her Spirit all things that are,
A s *Ioue* himſelfe hath taught her.

B y this ſtraight Rule ſhe rectifies
E ach thought that in her hart doth riſe:
T his is her cleare true mirror
H er *looking glaſſe*, wherein ſhe ſpies
A ll formes of Truth and Error.

R ight princely Vertue, fit to raigne,
E nthroniz'd in her Spirit remaine,
G uiding our fortunes euer;
I f we this Starre once ceaſe to ſee,
N o doubt our State will Ship-wrackt be,
A nd torne and ſunke for euer.

Exil'd

HYMNE XXIII.

Of her Iuſtice.

E xil'd *Aſtræa* is come againe,
L o here ſhe doth all things maintaine
I n *number*, *waight*, and *meaſure:*
S he rules vs with delightfull paine,
A nd we obey with pleaſure.

B y Loue ſhee rules more then by Law,
E uen her great *mercy* breedeth awe:
T his is her Sword and Scepter,
H erewith ſhe hearts did euer draw,
A nd this Guard euer kept her.

R eward doth ſit in her right hand:
E ach Vertue thence takes her Garland
G ather'd in Honors garden:
I n her left hand (wherein ſhould be
N ought but the Sword) ſits Clemencie,
A nd conquers Vice with pardon.

HYMNE XXIIII.

Of her Magnanimitie.

E uen as her State, ſo is her Mind,
L ifted aboue the vulgar kind:
I t treades proud Fortune vnder,
S un-like it ſits aboue the wind,
A boue the ſtormes, and Thunder.

B raue Spirit, large Heart, admiring *nought*
E ſteeming each thing as it ought,
T hat ſwelleth not, nor ſhrinketh:
H onor is alwaies in her thought,
A nd of great things ſhe thinketh.

R ocks, Pillars, and heau'ns Axel-tree,
E xemplifie her Conſtancie;
G reat changes neuer chaunge her:
I n her Sexe feares are wont to riſe,
N ature permits, Vertue denies,
A nd ſcornes the face of *daunger*.

Em-

HYMNE XXV.

Of her Moderation.

Empresse of kingdomes thongh she be,
Larger is her Soueraigntie,
If she her selfe do gouerne;
Subiect vnto her selfe is shee,
And of her selfe true Soueraigne;

Bewties Crowne though she do weare,
Exalted into Fortunes chaire,
Thron'd like the Queene of Pleasure:
Her Vertues still possesse her Eare,
And counsell her to Measure.

Reason, if she incarnate were,
Euen Reasons selfe could neuer beare
Greatnesse with Moderation;
In her one temper still is seene,
No libertie claimes she as Queene,
And showes no alteration.

HYMNE XXVI.

To Ennie.

ENuie go weepe, my Muſe and I
Laugh thee to ſcorne; thy feeble Eye
Is dazled with the glorie
Shining in this gay poeſie,
And litle golden Storie.

Behold how my proud quil doth ſhed
Eternall *Nectar* on her head:
The pompe of Coronation
Hath not ſuch power her fame to ſpread,
As this my admiration.

Reſpect my Pen as free and franke,
Expecting not Reward nor Thanke;
Great wonder onely moues it;
I neuer made it mercenary;
Nor ſhould my Muſe this burthen carie
As hyr'd, but that ſhe loues it.

FINIS.